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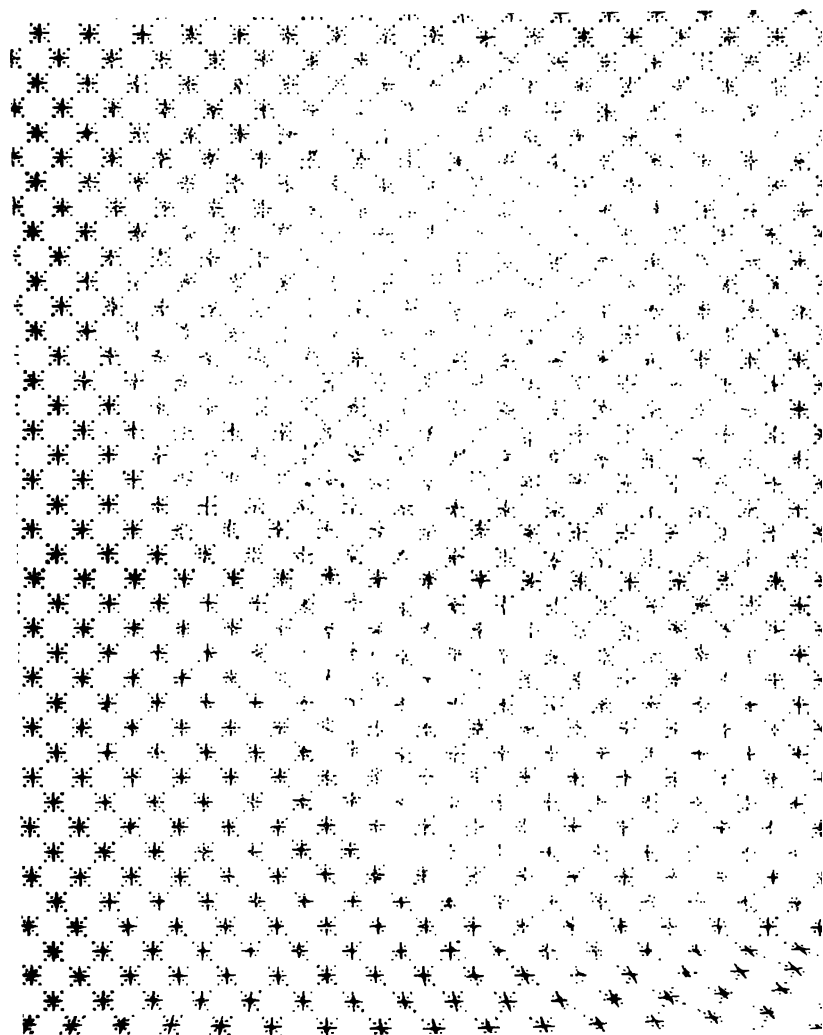
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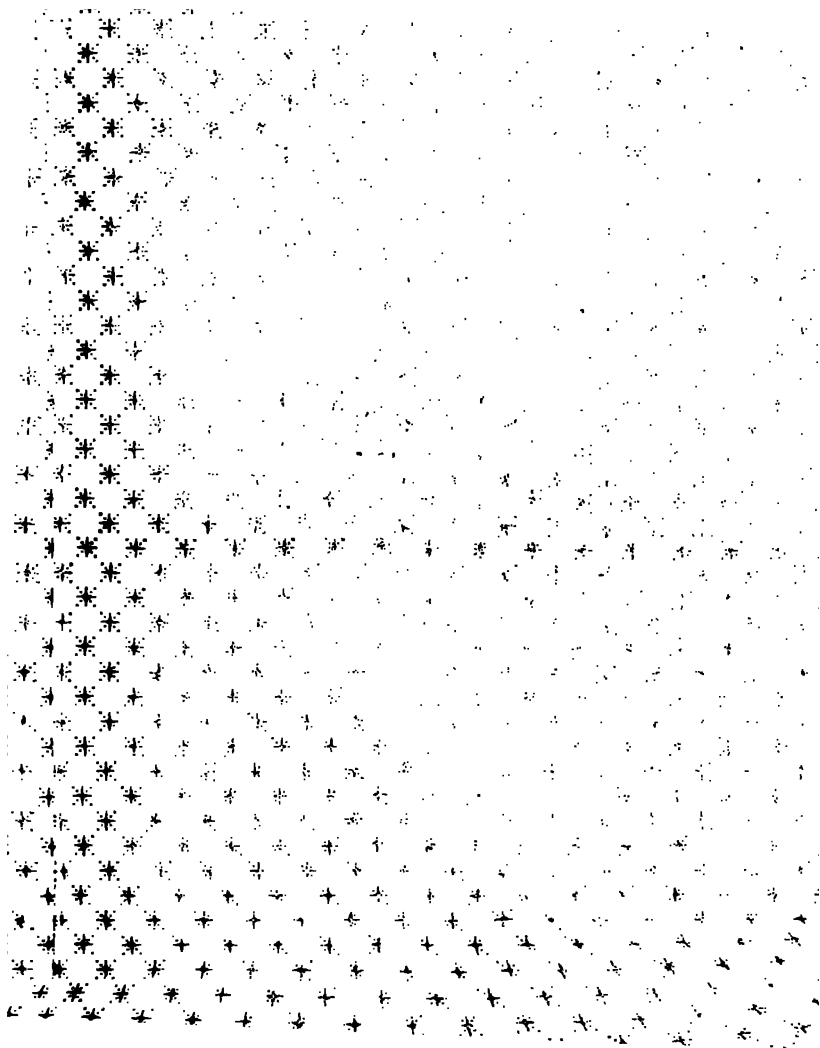


RHYMES
FOR
A ROYAL NURSERY

44. 813



44. A13





RHYMES FOR A ROYAL NURSERY.

RHYMES
FOR
A ROYAL NURSERY.



London :
WILLIAM EDWARD PAINTER, 342, STRAND.
1844.

OUR QUEEN HATH HOME-BRED JOYS : OH, IT DELIGHTS
TO GAZE UPON SUCH PLEASANT PICTURE, SET
IN A GREAT NATION'S LOVE ; LIT WITH ITS SMILES ;
AND, FOR ITS PATTERN, AT THE SUMMIT HUNG
OF THE VAST FABRIC OF SOCIETY !
WITH GROWING JOY WE GAZE, O QUEEN, ON THEE !
ON THEE, ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE, THE JUSTLY-LOV'D !
AND ON THE ROSEATE TREASURES OF YOUR HEARTH,
ORDAIN'D TO BLESS THE STATE WHILE BLESSING YOU !



DEDICATION.

To A YOUNG PRINCE, these loyal *rhymes*
Are humbly offer'd : if He deign
To listen to them, aftertimes
May show the *reason* of their strain.

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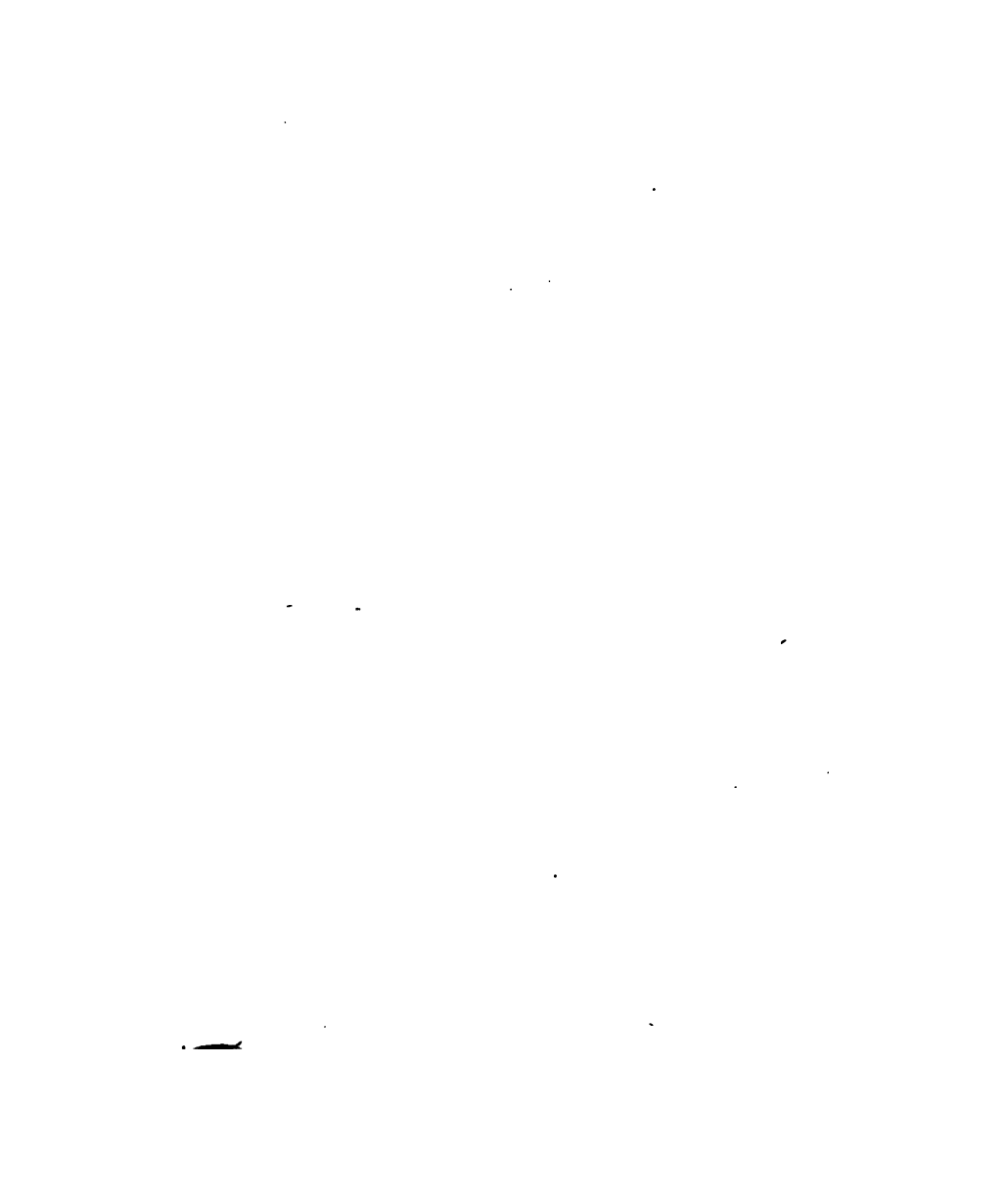
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SECTION I.

Play Pieces.

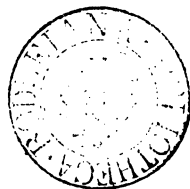
I.—THE CALL AT MORNING.

THE breath of morning stirs the tree,
The lark is in the sky;
On every blade and flower you see
The dew-drops sparkling lie;
The lamb across the pasture hies,
His early breakfast done :—
Unclose your eyes, awake, arise,
To greet the morning sun !



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London :
WILLIAM EDWARD PAINTER, 342, STRAND.
1844.

Like other people, free
 To go or come unseen—
To do just as they please,
And wander at their ease,
O then it seems a tease
 To be a Queen !

For then, 'tis really sad,
They must to town be had,
They are so very glad
 In fields to stay ;
They botanize together,
And in the sunny weather
Papa's Prince of the Heather,
 Mama's Queen of the May.

All in the flowery mead,
By trees of blossom hid,
There's nothing to forbid
 With us to play;
We gain, in country bower,
More kisses in an hour,
When far from town and tower,
 Than there in all the day!

III.—THE PONY-CHAISE.

OUR favourites praise! In the pony-chaise
How prettily they go;
How fast they run! There's many a one
Would like to travel so.

Never were seen, in park or green,
Such ponies in saddle or traces;
Fit for the race, yet, in gentleness,
Contented with childhood's paces.

When they step right out, and canter about,
There's nothing but playfulness in it;

They never grow hot : at their fastest trot
We can stop them in a minute.

Whoever hath view'd these ponies, so good
And beauteous, in our chaise,
Little he deems of the royal Creams,
And nothing of the Queen's Bays.

I could delight, from morn till night,
To fondle and to feed them ;
And when I'm five, perhaps I shall drive
Without any one to lead them !

IV.—CLAREMONT.

WHEN down in the country we are free,
In Claremont's bowers, or by the sea;
Oh! then it is holiday time with us,
And we go in and out without any fuss.
We ramble in lanes, or we run up a hill,
And the wind blows upon us as much as it will;
And sometimes, when caught in a shower, we get,
'Tis the best of all, most charmingly wet.
Once, in the rain, our Parents twain
A storm o'ertook as they rov'd by the main;
And never before were Prince and Queen,
As back they hasten'd, so dripping seen.

'Twas a merry sight, and it made us glad—
We came for a change, and a change we had.

The time would fail in rhyme to tell
Of our simple joys in our summer cell :
We launch our vessels, our kites we fly,
Toss ball and shuttlecock up to the sky ;
Beat on the drum, or blow on the horn,
Ride on the sands, or roam through the corn ;
Drive between hedges with wild rose inwove ;
Rest, where the honey-bloom festoons the grove ;
Bask on the brook-side, with field-flowers grown
over ;

Peep in the thicket, or nestle in clover ;
Hide in the mown field, the haycocks among,
And join in the burst of the harvest-home song.

V.—“CHILDREN IN THE WOOD.”

COME, sweet Mama, if you would but stay,
And dear Papa, with us to-day,
 We'll be so very good ;
The woods are gay with wreaths of May,
The birds on the spray are singing away,
And you *must* stay with us to play
 At “Children in the wood.”

Papa's the uncle that makes our bed,
And lays us low in the gloomy shade,
 Together, side by side,

Mama and Sister are robins red,
That hover around, and gently spread
The young green leaves from foot to head,
Our Uncle's work to hide.

No—not to-day Loves! we cannot stay;
To Court and Council we must away,
Or well could we in the noontide play
With our “Children in the wood.”
But all is right, and we ought to prize
The power that in our station lies,
If God but help us, and make us wise,
To do our Country good!

VI.—MY PONY.

HAVE you never seen my pony ?

Then you've a sight to see ;

He is a perfect beauty,

And just the thing for me :

In all but size no one denies

He's fit to bear a King ;

So then to carry the Prince of Wales

He's just the very thing.

Though he's so full of spirit,

He minds the weakest hand,

And in his swiftest paces

He's ever at command ;

He wins already, he is so steady,
The favour of the Queen,
Because she knows he's always ready
To stop and dance on the green.

If you check him, he keeps pawing,
Or capering, in the park ;
But give him rein, and he's off again,
Like an arrow to the mark ;
His tail spreads out, as he skims the sod,
And waves like a Prince's feather,
And his mane flies abroad, like a little cloud
Of fleece in windy weather.

If ever he grows bigger
(I hope he won't, of course),

Papa's the only rider
That's worthy such a horse !
Like him to ride I've always tried ;
For every one may tell
That if I learn like him to ride
I'm certain to ride well.

In pasture or in paddock
A better cannot be ;
For none can yield like the spirited,
And the gentle are the free.
I love the fawn upon the lawn,
The lamb upon the lea ;
But I love my pony the best of all,
For he's just the thing for me !

SECTION II.

Pity, Charity, Humanity.

I.—ALAS, THE COUNT OF PARIS:

ALAS, the Count of Paris

Is fatherless, bereav'd!

To lose a tender parent

How much he must have griev'd!

It makes us think how happy

We are with our Papa;

What should we do without him
To love us and Mama ?

Alas, the Count of Paris
A weeping Mother sees !
She feels he has no Father
To take him on his knees.
The more he grows and pleases,
The more his Mother's heart
Doth feel that in her pleasure
Orleans no more hath part !

Alas, the Count of Paris !
Those joyful days are done,
When he could know a Father
Would praise his little Son !

How, morning after morning,
He must have miss'd his voice !
For 'tis a Father's presence
That makes the hearth rejoice.

Alas, the Count of Paris !
He hears his Mother sigh ;
For still she sighs—no wonder !
(I think Mama would die !)
And yet she trusts her Husband,
Through Him who died to save,
Is happy : this is comfort,
This hope beyond the grave !

II.—THE BEGGAR CHILD.

Who made me differ from the child,
That roams uncloth'd, untaught, unfed,
A wretched outcast, wandering wild,
Without a home, and begging bread?

To places high, if I am brought,
Where Britain's Heir alone can be,
'Tis God who order'd all my lot,
And made each face to smile on me.

Then early would I walk with Him,
And in His fear my steps would take;
May He direct with guiding beam—
Teach me, and keep, for Jesu's sake.

And all who of the Saviour learn,
Are tender-hearted, meek, and low,
And far too pitiful to turn
A scornful eye on want and woe.

Lord, teach me thus! for who shall
stand,
If thou should'st mark iniquity?
The meanest child in all the land
Needs not thy mercy more than I.

With open hand, free as the dew,
Give me an humble heart, to trust
Alone in thee; and still pursue
The shining pathway of the just!

III.—BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

PART I.

THERE are so many miseries
Spread o'er a world of woe,
The pleasure of the lofty
Should be to help the low.

“Walk humbly and love mercy!”
Should be their constant aim ;
That all, their path beholding,
May follow in the same.

It helps us to be happy,
And gilds our own delight,
To think that we to others
Do what is kind and right:

To think that poorest children
In Sabbath-schools are taught
To fear our Heavenly Father,
Who knows each word and thought:

To think of all the Bibles
That o'er the land are strew'd,
And books for all, both great and small,
To teach them to be good:

And hospitals for sufferers
Of almost every kind ;
Asylums for the orphans,
The aged and the blind :

And plans to visit prisoners,
To regulate and aid ;
Thanks to the pitying Lady
Who first these efforts made :

And anti-slavery labours,
That still the slave befriend :
Were slavery extinguish'd,
The trade in slaves would end !

My Grandfather of Kent to these
His zeal and influence gave;
Papa's an anti-slavery man,
And ne'er forgets the slave!

IV.—BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

PART II.

I HOPE that if I ever
Shall grow to be a man,
To help in works so blessed
I'll do whate'er I can.

Not only the foundation
With silver trowel lay ;
But to protect and foster
I'll do as best I may.

Not only dine in public
With lords, for pity's sake,
But strive that e'en the poorest
His lengthen'd fast may break :

And crave, with earnest longing,
To serve his highest need ;
Nor rest, till all the people
Can in their Bible read.

How can an English Monarch,
In limits us'd to dwell,
Promote these noble objects ?
Better than tongue can tell !

They only want his **FEELING** ;
Crowds will the Court pursue ;
When Sovereigns feel, 'tis catching,
Th' unfeeling, then, feel too.

Let Princes, more than Play-house
Or Course, the work of love,
For meanest liege, delight in,
And all the land will move.

Oh ! may I never coldly
Upon the poor look down ;
For charity is princely,
And mercy gems a crown.

A Ruler should be gentle—
Not pitiless, nor proud;
Free as the light of morning,
That shines without a cloud !

V.—ANIMALS.

MAN, who made the creatures' woe—

Woe, uncheer'd by hope of bliss,
Mars the only state they know,
Nor will leave them joy in this ;
Yet, in Picture or in Show,
Those, untam'd to serve him, please.


King of beasts, the most of all

I like Lions, with grand mane ;
And each various animal
Of the forest, mount, or plain ;
Wondrous things, the great and small,
Of the wild, or of the main.

Favourite Lion, royal born,
Crown-supporting royalist !
With our faithful Unicorn ;
Courtiers, ye, the crown assist ;
Friends, to power, are paw and horn,
More than, each to each, I wis.

Tigers, beautiful and sleek,
With their calm but treacherous eye ;
Elephants, so strong and meek,
Bearing greatness quietly ;
Hunting Leopards, prey that seek,
Swift as Eagles in the sky.

Noble Stag, in greenwood park,
Nobler were he useful too ;



Bear in shaggy mantle dark ;
Antelope of tawny hue ;
Zebra with his beauteous mark !
Tall Giraffe, a wondrous view !

More than all, I still admire
Horses full of life and grace ;
Shame ! the willing horse to tire,
Panting in th' oppressive chace ;
Often urg'd till he expire
In the hunt or in the race.

I love Gardens, and my own
Best of course ; a favourite spot ;
Not for plants and flowers alone,
But for spade and watering-pot ;

For the rock-work, shell and stone,
Feathery fern, and mossy grot.

Yet, though some like Botany,
Culling, slow, from field and hill ;
Natural History pleases me ;
Things, that life and motion fill,
I prefer to flower and tree,
That are always standing still !

VI.—THE FAVOURITE DOG.



WITH our shaggy friend, our steps to attend,
No danger need we fear;
And when we float, in our summer boat,
Our guardian is ever near.

Whatever we do, he will pursue,
And goes where we are going;
When near the river, he followeth ever,
Whether we are walking or rowing.

Should we fall over, our faithful lover
Would fetch us out in a twinkling;

Then shake his side, well-satisfied,
And give us a cordial sprinkling.

Should he ever stray, we should miss his play,
His fawning, jumping, and pawing;
How sad 'twould be, should we ever see
Our pet in a dog-cart drawing!

But he's safe al-ways, as long as he stays
With us, and he won't soon leave us—
He keeps within call, and nothing at all
Would make him so willing to grieve us.

Who would suppose they could have foes,
Creatures so good as he?
Better to kill than treat them ill,
And torment them with cruelty.

I'm sure that I would not harm a fly,
For fear lest I should begin
The habit to gain, of giving pain,
Which God must deem a sin.

To all He is good, giveth care and food,
And marks the sparrow fall ;
Hears the raven's cry, and His pitiful eye
Of mercy is over all !

SECTION III.



Peace—Government—Protestantism.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S MARCH.



MARCH, march, march !

To the trumpet's liquid tone ;

'Tis the silver sound of peace :

The wars are over and gone !

The tented field is all behind,

And the sheaves of Peace before ;

Peace, peace, peace !

Let nations learn war no more !

March, march, march !

For Europe's highway uncloses ;

March ! and, as we march,

We'll strew it with pearly roses.

March ! for the nations together

Are dwelling as brother with brother ;

March ! for the Sovereigns march—

They march to visit each other.

March, march, march !

The Queen's gone over the water,

To wave, on the Gallic coast,

The olive of Albion's daughter :

March ! for the King of the French
Is coming, and Princes come
To dine on roast beef, in England,
And pudding of the plum.

March ! for the Congress marches ;
We've welcom'd Kingly Prussia ;
And now, from Europe's highway,
Drops in Imperial Russia :
March ! for we'll keep it open
For Subject and for Crown :
May Peace, like mighty waters,
And Righteousness run down !

II.—THE REVIEW.

PAPA is gone this day to town
To a review ; what's a review ?
To see if soldiers well come on
With all they're train'd to do.

I like the pomp, and like the trump,
The flying colours, drum, and fife ;
'Tis sad to know that all the show
Is plann'd for taking life !

By this parade soldiers are made
Than other men more gorgeous far :
And from the strand, how vastly grand
To see the ships of war !

But fighting, or by land or sea,
The Duke declares (and he must know)
A thing that ought no more to be,
With all its sin and woe.

He does not like, with all his wreaths,
To hear the trumpet, fife, and drum :
It makes him think of many deaths,
And many a ruin'd home !

Then, I will pray that, ere the time,
When I grow up, and long before,
The people of this Christian clime
May practice war no more !

III.—WALMER.

On Walmer strand, oft did we stand,
To watch the breaking swell
Run murmuring up the shelving sand,
And drop the weed and shell.

And once we saw the raging storm
To mountains lift the wave ;
Or hollow watery pits, to form
The shipwreck'd sailor's grave.

A fearless band of ships well mann'd
Rode o'er those hollow caves ;
They go, to say to every land,
"Britannia rules the waves."

They take our stores to all the shores
(The civiliz'd or wild)
Wash'd by the sea. I'm glad to be
Great Britain's favour'd child !

Her name is known on every strand
For power (as some may rue) ;
And may she, as a Christian land,
Be known for goodness too !

Still may her name resound afar,
But, with that mighty word,
Oh, that the sound of wrong and war
Might never more be heard !

IV.—THE PYRAMID.



THE people of this happy land
Are like the Pyramid,
Set up on Egypt's sandy waste,
As we in "travels" read.

The base of this great Pyramid
Is very broad and long,
Then tapers upward to a point;
That's why it is so strong.

It is the base that bears the midst—
The midst that bears the top;
The top, you know, would soon come down
Without a mighty prop.

In Britain, at the very top,
Our Parents dear are plac'd ;
In midst are Lords and Gentlemen
Upon the People bas'd.

It seems so nice to be the first,
The top of all the tree ;
But, says Mama, the higher up
The better you should be !

A speck upon the point will show
Against the clear blue sky,
That on the midst, or on the base,
Would pass unnoticed by.

Remember, Kings and Queens are set
So high, and made so great,

Not for their pleasure, but to serve
The order of the State.

Be humble ; God can make you so ;
A good example, too,
To all the little boys and girls
Who hear what Princes do.

V.—TO GOVERN IS OF GOD.

To govern is of God ;
By Him do Princes reign ;
Rulers by Him send laws abroad
That crimes restrain.

His hand the rule confers,
His will to power doth raise,
And rulers are His ministers,
For fear or praise.*

It checks the pride of power
To ponder and to know

* 1 Pet. ii. 14.

That whom He raises, in an hour,
He can bring low !

But He confirms the sway,
And Prince and People deigns
To bless, when wrong is driven away,
And justice reigns.

Then Equity and Peace,
Strengthening the realm, preside ;
Judgment runs down, and Righteousness
A flowing tide.

Such rule exalteth Kings,
Brings blessings on their reign ;
Glory to God on high, it brings,
Good-will to men !

VI.—PAPA'S PROTESTANT FATHERS.

THE Scriptures call our Saviour " Lord
Of lords, and King of kings ;"
Moses and David wrote of Him—
Of Him each Prophet sings.

We all have sinn'd : we cannot go
To heaven, where all are clean,
Unless His Spirit change our heart,
His blood wash out our sin.

Then what deceivers they must be,
And enemies to God,
Who bid us trust in anything
But in our Saviour's blood !

Yet Romanists, as well as those
By whom He is denied,
Put something else for simple faith
In Him for us who died !

They call them Puseyites now ; I've heard
They teach the same as some
Papa's brave Fathers would not let
Within their country come.

Vain, at their gates, "the Church's" call ;
No entry there ! to spread
A plague within, and make their realm
A city of the dead !

I've heard these Puseyites teach the same,
In other words, as those

That were turn'd out, when this good land
The House of Brunswick chose.

These wise men's books seem good, but, tried
By truth, most dangerous are ;
Dark fo es to " David's Root and Branch,"
That fly " the Morning Star."

If, as they say, there comes a day
When I a King may be,
Oh, I will guard the simple faith
Of Him who died for me !

SECTION IV.

Serious Pieces.

1.—BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

How beautiful are Birds and Flowers
That fill the earth and sky :
The pencill'd flower ! no painter's power
Can ever match its dye.

No verse-maker, not even he
Who makes them for the Queen.

Can pour such touching minstrelsy
As song of birds at e'en.

They told me God had nothing made
In vain ; but all things taught
Some use, and chiefly man to aid ;
Then to myself I thought—

How birds flit ever on the wing,
With little else to do ;
And flowers still less ; they only spring
To feast on sun and dew.

I ask'd the flower, and fluttering bird,
Say, of what use are ye ?
With one accord were whisperings heard
That softly answer'd me—

To deck and cheer with joy profuse
The world around, above ;
Our use is happiness—a use
Worthy the God of love.

We swell the sum of simple joys
That yet are undefiled ;
The field-flowers are the tinted toys
Of every cottage child.

And birds, soon as the woodman leaves
His labour, seem to bear,
Chanting within the woodbine eaves,
Their part in cottage prayer.

We bloom, and flit, our little span,
Yet teach a lore profound—

That earth, once cursed for sinful man,
Is still sweet Mercy's ground.

All for the sake of Him (you know)
Who saves the world, and said
"Consider lilies, how they grow,
And birds, how they are fed !"

II.—OUR THOUGHTS ARE LIKE A RIVER.

OUR Thoughts are like a river :
When purely flows the stream
It flows, yet gives back ever
The colouring of Heaven's beam.

Men judge by word and deed ;
From men our Thoughts we hide ;
But God our Thoughts can read,
And judges by their tide.

How awful to be seen
Of Him who looks within !
Ah, who can say, " I'm clean,
And pure from all my sin ?"

But He my need can see,
And purity bestow ;
Wash me, and I shall be
White as the driven snow !

Lord ! cleanse, by faith sincere,
The course of secret thought ;
Let it be calm, and clear,
And stainless, as it ought.

A blessed share impart
In thine own promise free,
Given to the pure in heart,
That they their God shall see !

III.—THE HOLY SPIRIT.

OFT we may read the Book Divine,
But cannot learn its truths aright,
Unless the Holy Spirit shine
To bless us with His light—

And give us hearts to understand
The precious things its leaves unfold,
And chase away our cloudy day,
Our darkness, dull and cold.

Truth is unknown, save by this light,
As fruits would fall and flow'rets die
Unseen, save for the day-spring bright,
Enlightening from on high.

As leaves and birds were mute as death
Without the morning's gale and ray,
So we, without the Spirit's breath,
Might read, but could not pray.

Prayer is Desire that springs above,
Not the mere words our lips repeat ;
It tells our wants to bounteous Love
Before the Mercy-seat.

Breathe on our dark, cold hearts, indeed !
Breathe, Lord, and make them soft to be,
That as we meditate or read
They may flow out to Thee !

IV.—THE BIBLE.


THE Bible is the Book of God ;
His power and grace divine
Inspired the pen of holy men,
And guided every line.
The Bible stories well I love,
They seem for ever new :
And first they tell how Adam fell,
And all his children too.

Then of such sin ! God sent a flood
To drown a world so base ;
The ark upbore the waters o'er,
Believing Noah's race :

They filled the earth : soon Jacob's sons
Had many flocks to feed ;
Of Joseph's lot, to Egypt brought,
How much I love to read !

For he who sav'd his brethren's lives,
Doth like our Saviour seem ;
Jesus, the Lord, was once abhorr'd,
Betray'd, and sold like him.
When Joseph died, Israel was wrong'd ;
The Lord came down to save ;
His own He freed—rider and steed
He cast into the wave.

Their wanderings in the wilderness—
Their Wars—their Judges—Kings—



Their glory, fled, when captive led,
The harp of Prophets sings :
But Israel's hope, the Gentiles' trust,
Those Prophets saw afar,
And Gospel light hath brought to sight
The Bright and Morning Star !


And now the blest New Testament,
From Matthew to the end,
Not here and there, but everywhere,
Displays the sinner's Friend !
What miracles of grace He wrought
For us who liv'd and died !
Teach me to love Thee, Lord, above
The world and all beside !

V.—TRUTH.

THE Court, if Truth were there,
Would spread a happier sway ;
But, in that air, her image fair
Too often melts away.

Courts were a safer school
If courtiers spoke the truth :
For me, I'd rather seem a fool
Than utter flattery smooth.

Truth's a majestic thing,
And all deception scorns ;
The language of the Heavenly King
An earthly Court adorns.



Truth's Lord will those disown
Defil'd with falsehood's guilt;
His people speak the Truth alone—
His Church on Truth is built.

His city's fence and stay
Is Truth; His law is Truth:
Oh Lord, the Truth, the Life, the Way,
In Truth confirm my youth!

Thou in the "inward parts"
Seek'st Truth in all our ways:
Cause us to love it in our hearts,
And speak it to Thy praise!

VI.—PRAYER.



CHILDREN to God may pay
Their vows ; for Christ, the Way,
Himself was pleas'd to say,
“ Forbid them not ; ” they may !

The cry of need is prayer :
A Christian will not dare,
Indeed he cannot bear,
To live without this prayer.

A prayerless soul is dead ;
Through Christ, our living Head,

We are to beg with bread
Still, daily, to be fed.

To Him we may complain
Of all our sin and pain ;
He lifts us up again
To pour the thankful strain.

Prayer is the plea sincere,
Pour'd in a Father's ear,
Who, for His Son so dear,
Regards our sigh and tear.

He hears the feeblest sigh ;
He sees th' uplifted eye ;

Helps our infirmity ;
And grants our secret cry.

We're lighten'd when we pray ;
It scatters fear away ;
The duty of the day
Seems easy when we pray !

Thy Spirit's whisper, Lord,
Whose voice young 'Samuel heard !
'Tis Love's attractive cord—
Be it my guiding word !

Give me o'er self to reign,
And Satan's power restrain ;

Save me from endless pain,
Oh Thou who once wast slain !

Let mercy never cease !
On Queen and Prince, Thy peace
Bestow ! and righteousness
To the Queen's Son increase.*

* Psalm lxxii. 1.


SECTION V.

History.

I.—FAIR HISTORY'S PAGE.

FAIR History's page should oft engage
A Prince's eye, for the pleasure it brings,
And profit too ; her pencil true
Is a study fit for the Sons of Kings.

Who that hath tasted can help bestowing
Praise on the stores from her volume won?



History is Wisdom, examples showing
Of what to do, and of what to shun.

See, in the mirror of History,
How to rule in peace, and to guide in strife ;
History's facts are the A B C,
That spell the story of kingly life.

A Prince, that knows not this alphabet,
Is like a trader that cannot sum,
Or pilot that never saw compass yet,
Or like a drummer without a drum.

How would our Queen so well have known
To use the treasures that History brings,
Had not her Royal Mother shown
Such care to lead her to History's springs ?

Her's is the school for a Prince's hours—
To trace her stream is a grand pursuit;
Go to her daily—cull her flowers,
But don't forget to taste her fruit!

II.—THE DROWNING OF PRINCE WILLIAM.

Woe, woe, woe !

For the sailors have been drinking !

Fitz-Stephens their captain too,

And the good ship is sinking !

Prince William is in the long-boat,

That was swamp'd, or treacherous never ;

But he'd rather die than a Sister's cry

Should ring in his dreams for ever !

Woe, woe, woe !

For the ship in twain is breaking ;

On the long-boat's track he will go back,

And they crowd in from the wrecking !

Ring knells on the Norman bells,
And muffle the English drums !
Not one again of all the train
To light and breathing comes !

Woe, woe, woe !
Nobles and Prince are perish'd !
The flower of Normandy,
With England's best and cherish'd !
Baronial, youthful, all !
For the sailors have been drinking,
Fitz-Stephens their captain too ;
And now the ship is sinking !

None but the butcher of Rouen
Through that awful midnight pass'd ;

He stood by the ship's undoing,
And clung unto the mast;
To the mast Fitz-Stephens clung,
Till he knew the Prince's doom,
And then himself he flung
In the billow's yawning tomb!

Shame, shame, shame;
For drinking, so much dying!
Woe for the Prince in the long-boat,
Lost by his Sister's crying!
The Brother's love was mightier
Than ocean's loudest roar:
The King, at the heavy tidings,
He swoon'd, and he smil'd no more!

III.—PRINCE EDWARD BROUGHT BEFORE
EDWARD IV.

PRINCE EDWARD stands before the man
Who robb'd his father's crown,
A captive, taken from the van
Of followers of renown :
Dared by the King, to pity dead,
His errand to disclose :
"I came to seek mine own (he said),
And rear the Ruby Rose."

The tyrant smites ; with savage joy
Rush Clarence, Gloucester, Gray,
And Hastings, on the Princely boy,
And hurry him away :

When Monarchs strike, courtiers enow
Will second Royal blows :
By ruffian hands, torn from the bough,
Falls the Lancastrian Rose.

What moves him in that moment most,
His Royal Mother's grief?
On Tewkesbury's field, his routed host
Strewn as the autumn leaf?
Or that young maid, the Lady Anne,
Whom Warwick's pride bestows?
Ah, who shall say how memory ran
Back to that beauteous Rose !

He thinks of all ; he sees them all ;
The work of death they speed ;

The Rose of Lancaster must fall
A blood-red Rose indeed !
Was it for this, in forest shade,
Mov'd by a Mother's woes,
The prowling robber sheath'd his blade,
And spared her blooming Rose ?

In vain, from Hexham's fatal fray,
She fled, at midnight hour ;
Pity a bandit's hand may stay,
Yet touch not jealous power !
The throne of Edward, bas'd in blood,
Small peace, small blessing, knows :
Just meed for trampling on the bud
Of the Lancastrian Rose.

IV.—EDWARD V. AND THE DUKE OF YORK.

'Tis midnight, at the dead ;
The children asleep are lying ;
Hark, hark, a heavy tread !
And now the children are dying !

Alas, for the Mother's cry,
O'er her buds of the white-rose flower !
One torn from Sanctuary
To perish in the tower—

The other, that youthful King,
His sun of pomp just risen,

From Ludlow Castle they bring,
And shut in that sombre prison.

There do they weep together,
Those innocent brethren twain ;
Lord Rivers is gone for ever,
And Gloucester lives to reign.

No mercy doth he know,
Who from the Mother tore !
None did their Father show
To the captive Prince before !

Full quickly vengeance falls
On the babes he lov'd to cherish ;
Within the massive walls
His sweet white-rose buds perish !

And well for the childrens' name :
In those uneasy times,
Too soon their innocent fame
Had been marr'd by others' crimes.

'Tis midnight, at the dead ;
The children asleep are lying ;
Hark, hark, 'tis the ruffians' tread,
And now the children are dying !

V.—THE DEATH OF PRINCE HENRY,
SON OF JAMES I.

A PATTERN Prince ! by sudden blow,
Cut off at morning tide,
In Virtue's port, in Beauty's glow,
The Nation's hope and pride :
He fell, the fairest of the spring,
Array'd in opening bloom ;
Alas, that Death should love to bring
The brightest to the tomb !

Gifted in mind ; expert of hand ;
First in each manly sport ;
Yet more the favourite of the land,
Than of his Father's Court :

The Monarch swears ; the noble youth
Grows grave with sudden gloom ;
Alas, that talents, wisdom, truth,
Must find an early tomb !

He perish'd : tales mysterious ran :
We know not ; this we know--
The youth gave promise of a man
To every vice a foe ;
Nor Courtiers all are fastest friends
To Virtue in the bloom :
Enough ! we know it oft descends,
Untimely, to the tomb !

The cumbrous lore, and wasted wit,
Of James ; where are they now ?

But Henry's name hath fragrance yet,
For Virtue wreath'd his brow—
Woe, that the favourite mark of Death
Is Virtue in the bloom !
But Virtue's wreath hath incense-breath
That still survives the tomb !

VI.—SO MUCH FOR HISTORY.

So much for History ; thus, some tales
 (Just now I had only time for a few)
I've told of former Princes of Wales,
 All of them sad, and all of them true.

Though Wales, unconquer'd then, no name
 Gave to Prince William ; he was heir
Of England's Sovereign, with equal claim,
 The badge of the eldest son to wear.


And scarcely more than in name a King,
 Was the child of thirteen ; for the Prince's
 plume,

Who took a crown, but to weigh him down
(With his brother dear) to a dungeon-tomb.

Of the rest, each fell in his eighteenth year ;
One on the sea ; by the dagger another ;
Of the death of the third strange things we hear ;
Better that he had been King than his brother !

These are but snatches, and full of sorrow : —
While on these woes and crimes we gaze,
From History's page we learn to borrow,
Thanks that we know not such evil days.

Then love the tales of this Matron grey,
Wise in the wisdom of ages before ;
And if you love them, some sunshiny day,
I'll take my ink-horn and write some more.



We'll seek the shadow of History's tree,
Whose fruit-laden branches arch the sod,
From the past pluck lessons for times to be,
And ask for wisdom from wisdom's God !

FINIS.



